"The best of all the magazines published for Woman" in its first

issue for Autumn has for you such a wealth of interest and usefulness

that if you realized its contents you would be reading your copy

supert color-plates

published in this country.

Now that we are in our new building with our new presses we are publishing colored plates that are colored plates, nearly equal to the French—not quite—but we've six hope French presses on the wey, and soon we will have their product to give you, which will be as much better than ours of this mouth, as ours are better than the others pointed in America.

We are not apologizing for what we offer you this month—the quality is too good to need it. We are simply promising even better, pretty soon.

The month's fashions are full of premise of the Fall fascinations. Everything that the exclusive woman wants, as well as the dependable modes that avoid the extremes. Much, too, for the children and their older eisters.

No esries of beauty articles has ever

The Delineator for September !

before to-morrow!

PARKER'S STAY IN THE WOODS

FREE FROM POLITICS IN THE WILDS OF THE CATSKILLS.

Takes a Swim in the Ice Cold Water of the lake, Sees the Annual Parade of the Colony and Listens to the Singing of Campaign Songs-Returns to Exopus.

BIG INDIAN, N. Y., Aug. 15 .- This was another delightful day, high up in the Catskills, for Judge Parker. He was sorry when he had to leave the Winnisook Club this afternoon to return to the routine of a Presidential nominee's life at Rosemount, for he had been at political peace with the world, so far as humans other than himself were concerned. The reporters forebore to question him and the folks resting in the forest primeval had no small talk sbout the issues of the campaign.

The Judge rose at 7 o'clock and went frem Thomas G. Evans's cottage for a walk about the lake, which the club built at great expense as a lurking place for trout. It makes a grand swimming pool. does this lake, and the Judge had his eye on a good diving spot when voices from the widwood attracted his attention. Being a friend of John Burroughs, the naturalist, and having read the jungle books, he quickly realized that the speakers were a she bear and her two cubs, who had been informed by what's-his-name, the forest newsmonger, that the Judge was on parade.

You see, little ones, that he is not at all like Roosevelt," said the mother bear, "even if he does look killing in his new cutaway. We are quite safe here." "Isn't that a gun sticking out of his vest

pocket?" asked one of the cubs. No, indeed, Harold," said the old bear, "that is his fountain pen. It carries from Esopus to St. Louis, however, so keep an eye on it, lest he shoot off the silver tip of

"Say, Judge," bawled the second cub, I hear you are not in favor of bears in the

'No comment," replied the Judge, smiling in the most cordial way. "My letter of ac-

But the bears did not hear the rest, for the club forester, who had missed them at rollcall, rushed up and sent them back to their mountain fastnesses. These three are the only bears on the club's preserve and they are usually polite to visitors. The she bear's fater had a talk with William J Bryan eight years ago on the subject of squeezing a campaign fund out of Wall Street. The bear refused to sign a centract. Judge Parker watched a deer paddle across the end of the lake, and then, thinking that he was free from the questioning of wild folk, went for a swim. The water, fresh from the mountain springs, was cold as ice but the bather could have stood it longer i a trout, which came up to peer at him, had not looked so much like Charles F. Murphy. The candidate hurriedly dried himself and

went to breakfast.

The morning hours at Winnisook Lodge The morning hours at Winnisook Lodge are taken up with canoeing, tennis and quoits, and the Judge was an interested spectator. At noon the annual parade of the colony, which always occurs on meeting day, was formed in front of the lodge. A brass band had been brought from Ringston Point by Charles M. Preston, and it headed the line of march. Forty women and girls and a score of men and boys fell in behind and began a circuit of the lake. Judge Parker went to the Shultz cottage, which is occupied by Charles F. Dayton, former Postmaster of New York, where he could command a view of the whole lake shore. When the paraders got to a point where their voices could carry across the water to the Judge, then 500 feet distant, they sang this parody on "Mr. Dooley;" Judge Parker is the candidate for President, you he species to be elected and surprise poor Teddy so,

He's going to be elected and surprise poor Teddy so. There'll be an awful landslide in November, nineteen four. The G. O. P. will die, you see, and then we'll come oh, Mr. Parker, oh, Mr. Parker, the greatest man tals country ever knew. So diplomatic and Democratic, is Mr. Parker, 'arker, 'arker, o-o-o.

Then the band struck up "Dreamland," and the paraders launched parody No. 2,

All aboard for the White House, Parker and Davis will get there and save us. Our lives are now in danger from the strikes and

trusts.
That's the place for Parker.
He's to be President, that's quite evident;
All aboard for the White House on the fourth of March.

As the merrymakers continued their waik they repeated the songs and were shouting them at the top of their lungs when they passed the cottage where the Judge reviewed the parade. They gave three cheers for him and broke their line on reaching the lodge.

The band played and the Judge came over for the annual meeting. He sat through

for the annual meeting. He sat through it without making a speech and voted for the reelection of the old board of trustees. After the meeting there was a standing luncheon, at which the whole colony was

Juncheon, at which the whole colony was present.

In spite of protests all around, Judge and Mrs. Parker insisted on going home this afternoon. They drove away from Winnisook at 2:30 P. M. with the cheers of all their friends ringing through the woodland and the big bells chiming a farewell.

"I do hope," said one of the women folk, "that Judge Parker will be elected if Roosevelt can't be."

Veit can't be."

Judge and Mrs. Parker were accompanied on their journey by Mrs. S. L. Dawes of Albany, who is a friend of Mrs. Parker; the Judge's brother Fred, and William S. Rodie of New York.

The Judge and his family reached Esopus at 5.35 P. M. He got only one rebuke on the trip, and that was from a white bearded man who lives opposite the Slide Mountain postoffice. This man watched Judge Parker when he drove up to Winnisook.

"Pears to me," he said, "that he's a pretty stiff necked candidate. Never stopped to introduce himself. You watch me get even."

me get even."

He got even. When the Judge was driving back to Big Indian he had to pass under a home made Roosevelt banner that the offended citizen had hung across the road. Itwas decorated with a picture, also home made, of President Roosevelt.

"You got even with Parker, Josiah," said the postmaster to the old resident, "and," looking at the picture, "if Roosevelt ever offended you, you got even with him, too."

GUNBOAT DUBUQUE LAUNCHED. Slight Hitch Caused by the Nervousness

of the Sponsor, Miss Treadway. The United States gunboat Dubuque was launched at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the ship yards of the Charles L. Seabury Gas Engine and Power Company, at Morris Heights on the Harlem River. The boat has been under construction for the last eighteen months. She is 195 feet in length and when completed will have all the latest

improvements in paval construction.
There was a slight hitoh to mar the launching. Miss Margaret Treadway of Dubuque, ing. Miss Margaret Treadway of Dubudue, la., who was selected to christen the boat, was so nervous that she did not break the bottle of champagne over the bow on the first trial, so the gunboat slid into the water instrial, so the gunboat slid into the water unchristened. After the boat was towed around to the dock Miss Treadway, who had regained her composure, went through the ceremony, and with the words "I christen thee Dubuque" the ceremony was over.

Spanish War Veteran Drowned.

RYE, N. Y., Aug. 15.—George A. Rowlandon of Mount Vernon, a former member of the Seventy-first Regiment of New York who was at the battle of San Juan Hill, was drowned this afternoon at Rye Beach while visiting Charles R. Thomas, who lives in the Frontenac Cottage. Rowlandson, who was 32 years old, came to Rye with William Reitzner and Charles Prior of Mount Vernon. While in an overheated condition he went bathing and was taken with cramps. His body was found later in three feet of water by William Quinn, 15 years old, of Manhattar LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The ethics of the legal profession are fast being lost sight of under the influence of the commercial instinct. Advertising once was abhorrent to any lawyer of standing, but in these days anything goes. Still it was rather a shock to a lawyer who retains some respect for the old traditions to observe near an uptown ferryhouse a huge billboard, on which corsets and breakfast foods are usually advertised, given over to an announcement that money lost in betting at most treak. lost in betting at race tracks was recoverable by actions at law. At the bottom of the billboard appeared the names and addresses of two lawyers.

The Thirty-fourth street car was crowded and when a bundle-laden woman got on at Broadway she had to stand. The progress of the car was jerky, and it was necessary for her to grab a strap. This left her with but one free arm to keep her purchases together. When the conductor came along for the fare she was in a quandary. By letting go the strap for a moment she managed to get her purse out of the chatelaine bag at her waist. She found it impossible, however, to open the purse. Finally, in despair, she handed it to the conductor,

"Help yourself, please."

The other passengers grinned as the conductor opened the purse, pulled out a generous roll of bills, and fished a nickel out of the change in the bottom. He put the bills back and restored the purse to the chateled by the bar.

chatelaine bag.
"Thank you," said the woman sweetly. A Harlem man bought a sailboat a short time ago, and, as he has had but little experience in the handling of boats, adventures have come his way. He was returning from Staten Island with a party of friends on board recently, when it was suggested

that he hoist his flag, which he did. Then a steam launch put out from shore, carry-ing several men. It approached the Har-lemite's boat, and one of the men called "What's the matter on board there?"
"What's the matter?" replied the Harlem
an. "Nothing's the matter here. We're

"Well, your flag is upside down," said the man in the launch. "Don't you know that's a signal of distress?"

The Harlem man apologized, and ac-knowledged that it was on him.

The Broadway sidewalk near Thirtyfirst street became a ballroom floor for one happy couple the other night. The orchestra happy couple the other night. The orchestra was an equally happy third party, who could whistle all the popular waltzes and two-steps. For three blocks the couple kept step to the whistle of the moving orchestra, the young man defuly swinging his fair partner around, darting among the passers by with a skill that was surprising. At the end of the third block the maiden suggested:

"Let's sit out the rest of it and drink some soda."

The Long Island Railroad train which left Jamaica on the Montauk division at 11:20 A. M. last Sunday was, as usual, crowded. A number of men found stand-

The orchestra treated.

crowded. A number of men found standing room in the baggage section of the combination smoking car. Then the express messenger, a young, bright-looking chap, spoke up.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I regret exceedingly the necessity which compels me to request you to vacate this portion of the car, but the rules of this railroad require that it shall be used exclusively for express packages. If I were to permit you to occupy the compartment I should do so only with grave prejudice to my position, and I need the money. This door to the smoking compartment; this to the rear cars, where I trust you may be able to find seating accommodations. Thank you, gentlemen." Everybody went; everybody smiled and no one appeared to think he had been mis-used.

An evidence of the invasion of New York by the Far East hangs at 1 Wall street in the shape of a brass sign, covered with Chinese hieroglyphics. It is the first sign of a Chinese banking firm to appear on Wall street. The brass is kept as carefully polished as that of any big banking firm on the street, but just what the name of the Chinese firm is this deponent has so far been unable to make out.

The beef strike came home acutely to the boarders at a South Washington Square hotel last week, when each one found on his weekly bill the added charge:

"To one week of the beef strike, \$1;" or
"to five days of the beef strike, 71 cents."

"Do you see that man over there?" asked the floor walker of a big department store. "Well, he's unique—the only one of his kind who were bargain fiends and who haunted auctions and fire sales and laid in a stock of all sorts of useless things from an antiquated bar to a collection of chromos that would make a Fifth avenue stage horse shy, but this man is a bargain counter fiend. Just as regularly as there is a sale he turns up and gets right in and hustles with the women. He elbows his way energetically to the front and sample. I ever saw. I've seen lots of men before He elbows his way energetically to the front and samples everything and buys nothing on much the same principle as they do. It appears to be his only form of any sement

Persons who cross the Harlem River on the Madison avenue bridge are surprised to see a flourishing little truck patch growing on one end of the wooden pier that sup-ports the bridge. This is the garden of the bridge tender, who has made very ingenious use of the only bit of soil under his juris-diction. He has planted lettuce, beets, peas and other garden stuff, and by putting in one crop after another has a continuous line of truck.

NEW THRILLER AT PROCTOR'S. The East Fifty-eighth Street House Sees

a Blaney Melodrama. More to Be Pitied Than Scorned," new melodrama by Charles E. Blaney, had its first presentation in this city yesterday at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre Incidentally, it was the opening for the season of that theatre, which is now a "com-

season of that theatre, which is now a "combination house," devoted to weekly changes, not only of bill, but of company.

Mr. Blaney's sub-title: "The Church and the Stage," gives an inkling of the plot. In the very first act Violet Keith, who is a minister's daughter, has married Julian Loraine, who is a stock company leading man. This incident they have concealed lest Loraine's popularity and weekly salary be affected.

The villain and the villainess, both actors, tell the minister's daughter that her husband has another wife, and she, believing them and hoping to keep him out of jail and in a job, conceals their marriage.

It was not to be expected that so expert a maker of popular price melodramas should lose the obvious opportunities of this plot, and the "great scene" is on a mimic stage.

and the "great scene" is on a mimic stage with another play in progress and the heroine and her child in a box of the real theatre.

The villainess—of the real play and the mimic play—having planned to kill the hero, interpolates in her part a loaded revolver. Thereupon the heroine leaves hero, interpolates in her part a loaded revolver. Thereupon the heroine leaves the box and stalks over the real footlights. Some effective scenery has been provided for the five acts and the cast as a whole is well up to the average. Lydia Powell is a black gowned and pathetic heroine, while Marie Heger is a red gowned and cigarette smoking villianess. J. Frank Burk is the good actor and King Baggott the bad one, the adjective referring to their morals, not their ability.

'The Silver Slipper" at Manhattan Beach. "The Silver Slipper" was revived last night at the Manhattan Beach Theatre, and might at the mannatum beach Theatre, and will be the attraction there for the remainder of the week. The piece was as elaborately mounted as ever and the "Champagne Dance" has lost none of its popularity. Snitz Edwards and Beatrice Golden have the leading parts in the present production.

CELEBRATED HATS NEW FALL SHAPES ON SALE TO-DAY

AT THEIR STORES 536 Fifth Ave., LI 07 Broadway 158 Broadway

BABY'S WEIGHT RULES FEAST NINETEEN GALLONS OF BEER TO

Broome Street Drinks Deep the Health of Savino Festa-Political Orators Predict Greatness for Him, While Proud Parents Scatter Liquid Joy.

CHRISTEN 19-POUNDER.

A gallon for every pound, and the best that the brewery could produce, was none too much and none too good for the christening of Savino Festa. Savino was born 40 days ago and weighed nineteen pounds on the day of his birth, according to the honest scales of the macaroni merchant in the basement of 121 Broome street, where Giovanni Festa, the proud father,

Savino is the biggest baby ever born in the Twelfth Assembly district, or anywhere else on the East Side, so far as anybody over there knows, so the christening party held last night was a great neighborhood event. Most everybody in the Twelfth Ward, including, of course, the Alderman, the Assemblyman and the leader, was

The weight was the main thing, so Giovanni insisted on ordering everything in terms of nineteen. There were nineteen gallons of beer for all comers, and nobody was turned away. All that a thirsty man had to do, no matter what his nationality was or his relations with Giovanni, was to go up two flights to the Festa house-hold, rap, ask after the boy and congratu-late the parents, and a drink, or a dozen of them, was his on the spot.

That fact became generally known in

Pitt, Ridge and Broome streets before the party had been in session long, and Giovanni was afraid that he would have to break the spell and make it twenty or twenty-one gallons. Somebody suggested that they weigh the baby over again to see if he had gained anything in forty days and then revise the order for refreshments accordingly.

and then revise the order for refreshments accordingly.

It was easier to gauge the capacity of the immediate friends and relatives bidden to the party, and the nineteen bottles of red wine were just a sample. Of course, Alderman Devlin, Assemblyman Rosenstein and District Leader Scully had the wine. They deserved champagne for the congratulatory speeches they made. As they arrived at different hours, and didn't hear each other's speeches, there was something of a sameness about the official oratory and the delighted parents were assured three times in the course of the evening that every boy born in his country, regardless of weight, may some time be President, and that if he can't be President he can at least do good work for Tammany Hall and be a district captain.

Alderman Devlin went more into details of prophecy, and declared that a boy who weighed nineteen pounds at the start in

of prophecy, and declared that a boy who weighed nineteen pounds at the start in the Twelfth ward was bound to be an Alderman, anyway. Just then the baby happened to cry, and all the women present stopped listening to the speech to suggest different things that might be the matter with the child and different ways of relieving him.

There were nineteen pounds of candy at the party and the children who were lucky enough to be relatives and get to the feast threw candy and confetti from the windows to a horde of youngsters in the street as long as the supply lasted.

The guests brought presents for the baby and the father's gift was a deposit of \$19 in the savings bank in the name of Savino Festa, minor. Giovanni, who has a store of his own, wore a brand new pink silk

of his own, wore a brand new pink silk shirt in honor of the christening. The Festas are a young couple. Savino is their second child. The first one, also a boy, weighed only ten pounds when he was

WORRIED ABOUT ETHER. Mrs. Baldwin Wants Her Dentist Husband's

Santty Tested. Dr. Charles W. Baldwin, a dentist of 276 West 140th street, was held for examination as to his sanity in the Harlem police court yesterday on complaint of his sister-in-law, Miss Anna L. Jones. His wife, Mrs. Clara Baldwin, also appeared in court. She testified that she had married Baldwin rather suddenly last February without learning much about him. Soon after the marriage. suddenly last February without learning much about him. Soon after the marriage, she says, he accused her of having hypnotized him. She said he got the idea that she was trying to sprinkle him with ether from an atomizer, and that he would lock himself in the dining room night after night and sleep on the floor. At other times he would stop up the keyholes and threaten to kill her if she did not stop throwing the ether over him.

Statements were produced from Dr. John C. Beekman of 317 West 138th street and Dr. George W. Jacoby of 44 West Seventy-second street that Baldwin was insane. Baldwin denied that he was. He said that there was nothing wrong with his mind.

there was nothing wrong with his mind.

Magistrate Baker held him for examination.

News of Plays and Players.

John Drew began rehearsals of "The Duke of Killicrankie" yesterday at the Empire Theatre. Fanny Brough, who is

to play in this piece, is due here from England on Wednesday.

Several changes were made in "A Little of Everything" at the Aerial Gardens last night. Fay Templeton had some new verses added to her "Fishing" song and new number was a non-partisan cam-

Joe Weber's first offering at his music hall under his own management is going to be called "Higgledy-Piggledy." Aimée Angeles is the latest recruit for Weber's company.

Enigmarelle is the name given to an

automaton that was the leading attraction at Hammerstein's roof last night. Its inventor is an Englishman, and it does some inventor is an Englishman, and it does some stunts that are almost human.

Rehearsals will begin Thursday of Herbert Hall Winslow's and Charles Dickson's comedy, "The Spellbinder," which George W. Lederer is to produce at the Herald Square Theatre on Sept. 5. The cast will include Ralph Delmore, George Ober, Charles Dickson, Frank Russell, George R. Averill, Eugene Shakespeare, James R. Garey, Arthur Saunders, Ralph Locke, Violet Black, Lansing Rowan, Gertrude Howe and Maude Thomas.

The Seagoers.

Aboard the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which sails to-day for Cherbourg, Plymouth and Bremen, are:

August Belmont. Jr., Mrs. Simeon Ford, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bradley, their Highnesses, the Prince and Princess Abbas Pacha Halim; William W. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Palmer, Franklin Gaylord, Harold Binney, Baron von Reden and Mr. and Mrs. E. Harvicen Power.

Voyagers by the Holland-America liner Noordam, off to-day for Boulogne and Mrs. J. H. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chester, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Philips, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Underhill and C. M. Aveling. Sailing by the Prinz Adelbert for Medi-

terranean ports are: Mr. and Mrs. John Jay Byrne, S. M. Henry, E. Clinton Rheads, Dr. A. Lopthorn Smith, George G. Wright and Charles King Wood.

STARTED TO SWIM TO GERMANY

ROLKE MADE GOOD PROGRESS AS FAR AS HE WENT.

Jumped Off Pier at Coney Island, and, With All His Clothing On, Distanced The Pursuing Lifeguards-Went a Quarter of a Mile Before Cop in a Boat Got Him.

August Rolke, 48 years old, of 171 Bleecker street, went to Coney Island yesterday and started to swim to Germany. He got more than a quarter of a mile on the way before he was overhauled by a policeman and two deckhands in a boat. He was beaten on the head with an oar and towed back most ignominously to the shore, where a physician from the Coney Island Hospital had a hard job bringing him to.

Before that happened, though, Rolke had tuckered out two members of the lifesaving crew, who somehow or other got the notion that they ought to dissuade him from his purpose to swim to the Fatherland. They weren't able to get close enough to carry on any sort of a connected argu-ment and had finally to turn from Germany and struggle hard for safety toward the Coney Island shore.
Rolke arrived at the Island about 4 o'clock

in the afternoon. He came on one of the iron steamboats, and several relatives were with him. There were about 3,000 people on the pier and perhaps 10,000 on the beach when he made up his mind that he'd like to start for Germany. He told his friends and relatives about his desire, briefly and hurriedly, as he started to run toward the end of the pier.

"I'm going away to Germany, to the Fatherland," he shouted. His relatives had scarcely time to let him know that they disapproved of his going, but they did manage to give a warning to the people at the end of the pier. Several men grabbed Rolke, threw him down and tried to hold him. He refused to be held, squirmed away from them and, leaping off the end of the pier, struck out for Kaiserland.

leaping on the end of the pier, struck out for Kaiserland.

John Riley and George Evans, members of the life saving crew, struck out after him. Rolke, when the life savers made their start, had only a short lead, and considering the fact that he had his clothes on, even to his derby, his disconsolate relatives and pretty nearly everybody else on the pier thought he'd never get away without at least convincing the two life savers that it was all right and proper that he should. But he simply swam away from them and they hadn't gone more than an eighth of a mile when they had to give up the chase.

In the mean time, though, Policeman Nayin, with two deckhands at the oars.

In the mean time, though, Policeman Navin, with two deckhands at the oars, had started out in a boat. They laid to as hard as ever they could, and overhauled Rolke about a quarter of a mile from shore. He redoubled his efforts as the boat neared him, but finally when he saw that he was going to be overtaken, treaded water and asked what the deuce they wanted. "Your relatives don't want you to go to Germany," said the cop.

"That's all right, thank you, "the swimmer replied. "I'm going along just as fast as I can now and get an early start. Don't worry about me. I'll swim."

Then he struck out again. At the same time the cop struck out, but the cop made

worry about me. I'll swim.
Then he struck out again. At the same time the cop struck out, but the cop made his strike with the oar.
Rolke, it was said at Coney Island last night, is eccentric.

ANGEL FACE" LAWYER LOSES. Miss Lally, Counsellor, Pats Her Hair, but

Has to Submit to an Adjournment. Miss Lavinia Lally, the "angel face" lawyer, glided into the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, vesterday, clad in white, with a stunning picture hat as a topper. Approaching the bar she began to toy with her hair. There was one cantankerous strand that wouldn't keep in place. She brushed it back, patted it lovingly and savagely by turns, and finally managed to get it into graceful captivity. Then she toyed with her hat to make sure

it was on straight. Her learned opponent, a tall, heavy, smiling lawyer, waddled into court a moment after Miss Lally. He asked an had not properly served the papers. He declared that Miss Lally left them with his clerk, at the latter's residence, whereas, he said, it was her duty to serve himself personally. It was true, he said, she might have served the clerk with the papers at

personally. It was true, he said, she might have served the clerk with the papers at the office, but not outside of it.

Giving her hat another touching up Miss Lally said:

"But I went to my learned adversary's office and he was not there. The place was closed, although it was business hours. One would think my learned adversary would be there in business hours.

"Miss Lally," said Justice Dickey, with knightly courtesy, "I have not been very long in practice and my knowledge of the code is not too profound, but it strikes me that you should have served your learned adversary, either at his office or at his residence, or that you might have served the papers on the clerk at his office."

Miss Lally said she thought the contentention was far fetched. Justice Dickey, bowing and smilling, said:

"Pardon me, counsellor, but you ladies of the papers the counsellor, but you ladies

"Pardon me, counsellor, but you ladies of the profession should not harbor the idea that you are entitled to better treatment than your learned brethren."
The cantankerous hair broke from its mooring again, and Miss Lally had to devote some more time to fixing it. Mean-

"Not all all: I am standing on my legal His Honor adjourned the case. Looking over his glasses he was amazed at the tremendous outpouring of legal talent that had suddenly filled the room. Lawyers of all ages, from the beardless yearling to the bent octogenarian, were present. It had been noised around that Miss Lally was

arguing a case, and in a few minutes there was standing room only. J. K. HACKETT BACK AT WORK.

He and Mary Mannering Return From Hunting and Fishing Trip-His Plans. James K. Hackett, accompanied by his wife, Mary Mannering, returned yesterday from a six weeks' hunting and fishing trip in Newfoundland and Labrador. were in excellent health. Mr. Hackett said they had a fine time, although the salmon fishing was not as good as in years past. They had good luck with big game. Mrs. Hackett killed a fine stag caribou, while Mr. Hackett was elated over having shot a white whale while they were crossing the Straits of Belle Isle on the way to Labrador,

Forest fires came perilously near their camp on one occasion and Mr. Hackett and his guides had a lively all-night fight.

Mr. Hackett has already begun work, He is directing the rehearsals for "Jack's Little Surprise," in which Arthur Byron will open the Princess Theatre on Aug. 25 As to his other plans, the actor-manager

As to his other plans, the actor-manager said:

As soon as that play is launched I will begin rehearsals for "On the Yellowstone," in which I am starring Howard Kyle. This company will begin its season about the 1st of September in Washington. Following that I must turn my attention to the rehearsals for "The Crisis," in which Miss Nannette Comstock is to star. This will be the third season for "The Crisis," and we have every reason to think it will be fully as great an attraction as it has proved itself to be in times past.

Following "The Crisis," I will send out "The Secret of Polichinelle," with William H. Thompson and practically the same company which was seen in this success last season. After that I will turn my attention to my own company. My season does not begin until very late, my other attractions demanding all my time until nearly the 1st of November, when we come to the Lyric Theatre in this city, with Louis Evan Shipman's dramatization of Winston Churchill's latest novel, "The Crossing." I have not received the manuscript of the play yet. It is entirely possible that I may produce a musical comedy before the new year, but I have not definitely made up my mind as to that. AMUSEMENTS.

The new novel by HARRY LEON WILSON, author of "The Spenders,"

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COUNTRY LIFE DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO THE WORLD'S - WAMERICA - WORK - WORK - WORK -

Mr. Jerome Back; Talks Sun Dials. District Attorney Jerome returned yesterday from his five weeks vacation at his country home at Lakeville, Conn. He needed a haircut and a shave, and he got them and said that he had enjoyed his them and said that he had being invited to He was asked if he had been invited to Esopus, and only smiled. He desired to converse on machinery and sun dials, and

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